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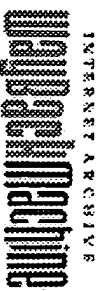
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1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005
0 pages	0 pages	1 pages	6 pages	19 pages	18 pages	16 pages	28 pages	85 pages	0 pages
		<u>Dec 12, 1998</u> *	<u>Jan 25, 1999</u> <u>Feb 08, 1999</u> <u>Apr 22, 1999</u> <u>May 08, 1999</u> <u>Oct 12, 1999</u> <u>Nov 10, 1999</u>	<u>Jan 18, 2000</u> <u>Mar 04, 2000</u> <u>Apr 08, 2000</u> <u>May 10, 2000</u> <u>May 11, 2000</u> <u>May 22, 2000</u> <u>Jun 06, 2000</u> <u>Jun 22, 2000</u> *	<u>Jan 07, 2001</u> <u>Jan 18, 2001</u> <u>Feb 02, 2001</u> <u>Feb 05, 2001</u> <u>Feb 09, 2001</u> <u>Mar 01, 2001</u> <u>Mar 02, 2001</u> <u>Apr 19, 2001</u> <u>Apr 20, 2001</u> <u>May 07, 2001</u> <u>May 15, 2001</u> <u>May 18, 2001</u> <u>Jun 09, 2001</u> <u>Jun 14, 2001</u> <u>Jun 18, 2001</u> <u>Jun 22, 2001</u> <u>Jul 21, 2001</u> <u>Sep 20, 2001</u>	<u>May 31, 2002</u> <u>Jun 04, 2002</u> <u>Jul 22, 2002</u> * <u>Aug 02, 2002</u> <u>Sep 01, 2002</u> <u>Sep 22, 2002</u> <u>Sep 24, 2002</u> <u>Sep 27, 2002</u> <u>Sep 29, 2002</u> <u>Oct 02, 2002</u> <u>Oct 21, 2002</u> <u>Nov 07, 2002</u> * <u>Nov 21, 2002</u> <u>Nov 26, 2002</u> <u>Nov 29, 2002</u> <u>Dec 01, 2002</u>	<u>Feb 02, 2003</u> <u>Feb 07, 2003</u> <u>Feb 16, 2003</u> <u>Feb 20, 2003</u> <u>Feb 21, 2003</u> <u>Mar 24, 2003</u> <u>Apr 02, 2003</u> <u>Apr 05, 2003</u> <u>Apr 15, 2003</u> <u>Apr 26, 2003</u> <u>Jun 01, 2003</u> <u>Jun 12, 2003</u> <u>Jun 25, 2003</u> * <u>Jul 30, 2003</u> <u>Aug 03, 2003</u> <u>Aug 07, 2003</u> <u>Sep 24, 2003</u> <u>Sep 27, 2003</u> <u>Oct 09, 2003</u> <u>Oct 13, 2003</u> <u>Oct 24, 2003</u> <u>Nov 23, 2003</u> <u>Nov 30, 2003</u> <u>Dec 01, 2003</u> <u>Dec 08, 2003</u> <u>Dec 10, 2003</u> <u>Dec 14, 2003</u> <u>Dec 25, 2003</u>	<u>Jan 29, 2004</u> * <u>Feb 10, 2004</u> <u>Mar 22, 2004</u> <u>Mar 28, 2004</u> <u>Apr 07, 2004</u> <u>Apr 21, 2004</u> <u>May 17, 2004</u> * <u>May 25, 2004</u> <u>Jun 05, 2004</u> <u>Jun 09, 2004</u> <u>Jun 10, 2004</u> <u>Jun 11, 2004</u> <u>Jun 12, 2004</u> <u>Jun 15, 2004</u> <u>Jun 16, 2004</u> <u>Jun 18, 2004</u> <u>Jun 19, 2004</u> <u>Jun 22, 2004</u> <u>Jun 23, 2004</u> <u>Jun 24, 2004</u> <u>Jun 26, 2004</u> <u>Jun 28, 2004</u> <u>Jun 29, 2004</u> <u>Jun 30, 2004</u> <u>Jul 01, 2004</u> <u>Jul 02, 2004</u> <u>Jul 03, 2004</u> <u>Jul 04, 2004</u>	



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1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005
0 pages	0 pages	0 pages	3 pages	9 pages	3 pages	7 pages	9 pages	10 pages	0 pages
			May 08, 1999 *	Jan 18, 2000	Feb 02, 2001 *	May 31, 2002	Feb 07, 2003	Mar 22, 2004 *	
			Oct 12, 1999	May 10, 2000	Feb 05, 2001	Jun 04, 2002	Feb 16, 2003	May 17, 2004 *	
			Nov 10, 1999	May 22, 2000	Jul 21, 2001	Jul 22, 2002	Mar 24, 2003	Jun 12, 2004	
				Jun 06, 2000		Sep 22, 2002	Apr 02, 2003	Jun 23, 2004	
				Oct 01, 2000 *		Sep 24, 2002	Jun 01, 2003	Jul 02, 2004	
				Oct 19, 2000 *		Nov 21, 2002	Aug 03, 2003 *	Jul 13, 2004	
				Oct 25, 2000		Nov 29, 2002	Sep 27, 2003	Jul 23, 2004	
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								Sep 20, 2004	

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STIC Search Report

EIC 2100

STIC Database Tracking Number: 166698

TO: Fred Ehichioya
Location: 3B31
Art Unit: 2162
Friday, September 23, 2005

Case Serial Number: 09/759215

From: Carol Wong
Location: EIC 2100
RND 4B28
Phone: 571-272-3513

Carol.Wong@uspto.gov

Search Notes

Ex. Ehichioya:

Attached are the search results (from commercial databases) for your case.

Color tags mark the patents/articles which appear to be most relevant to the case. Color of tag has no significance. Pls review all documents, since untagged items might also be of interest. If you wish to order the complete text of any document, pls submit requests directly to the EIC2100 Reference Staff located in RND 4B28.

Pls call if you have any questions or suggestions for additional terminology, or a different approach to searching the case. Finally, pls complete the attached Search Results Feedback form, as the EIC/STIC is continually soliciting examiner's opinion of the search service.

Thx,
Carol



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Set	Items	Description
S1	1090714	AGE
S2	253373	AGES
S3	4631555	PEOPLE
S4	2946359	INDIVIDUAL? ? OR CELEBRIT? OR PERSON OR PERSONS OR PERSONA- GE? OR VIP OR VIPS OR CYNOSURE? OR DIGNATAR? OR IDOL OR IDOLS
S5	186330	HERO OR HEROS OR HEROES OR HEROINE? OR LUMINARY? OR LUMINA- RIES
S6	16718	DIGNITAR?
S7	819470	STAR OR STARS
S8	244973	(WHO())S OR WHOS())WHO
S9	1443342	MEN OR WOMEN
S10	3755964	EVENT? ? OR ACCOMPLISH? OR ACHIEV?
S11	3334257	ATTAIN? OR SUCCESS?
S12	46045	(YOUR OR MY OR OUR OR SAME OR SPECIFIC OR MUTUAL OR COMMON OR EQUIVALENT OR IDENTICAL OR COMPARABLE OR CORRESPONDING) (2W-)S1:S2
S13	7728	(PARTICULAR OR SPECIFIED OR STIPULATED OR DESIGNATED OR CE- RTAIN) (2W)S1:S2
S14	272062	S3:S9(5N)S10:S11
S15	43	S14(5N)S12:S13
S16	13427	OLDAS OR OLD()AS
S17	70	S16(S)S14
S18	113	S15 OR S17
S19	59	S18/2000:2005
S20	54	S18 NOT S19

S21 46 RD (unique items)

21/3,K/7 (Item 7 from file: 15)
DIALOG(R)File 15:ABI/Inform(R)
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00032996 75-11446
AN INSURANCE FRATERNITY - AGENTS' STUDY GROUP
MALTENFORT, ALAN H.; BUDD, WARREN C., JR.
LIFE ASSOCIATION NEWS V70 N10 PP: 109-112 OCT. 1975
ISSN: 0024-3078 JRNL CODE: LAN

...ABSTRACT: AND ABSENCE OF COMPETITION, NO TWO MEMBERS CAME FROM THE SAME SECTION OF THE COUNTRY. SUCCESSFUL INDIVIDUALS WERE SOUGHT IN THE SAME AGE GROUP AND DOING MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR PRODUCTION. THE OPTIMUM SIZE OF THE GROUP WAS FROM...

21/3,K/30 (Item 16 from file: 484)
DIALOG(R)File 484:Periodical Abs Plustext
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02720253 (USE FORMAT 7 OR 9 FOR FULLTEXT)
Half-life
Ruane, Tom
Southern Review (PSRV), v32 n1, p118-127
Winter 1996
ISSN: 0038-4534 JOURNAL CODE: PSRV
DOCUMENT TYPE: Fiction
LANGUAGE: English RECORD TYPE: Fulltext; Abstract
WORD COUNT: 4058 LENGTH: Long (31+ col inches)

TEXT:
... dollars and I send you your own calendar. On each day there's some notable achievement done by a person who was exactly as old as you are on that day. For example, tomorrow I'll be the same age Jack...

Full-Text
attached

21/9/30 (Item 16 from file: 484)
DIALOG(R)File 484:Periodical Abs Plustext
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02720253 (THIS IS THE FULLTEXT)

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ISSN: 0038-4534 JOURNAL CODE: PSRV

DOCUMENT TYPE: Fiction

LANGUAGE: English

RECORD TYPE: Fulltext; Abstract

WORD COUNT: 4058

LENGTH: Long (31+ col inches)

ABSTRACT: A short story is presented.

TEXT:

WHEN I WAS GROWING UP, my brother Peter was always asking questions. He'd follow me around with this puzzled, serious look on his face and wait until his big sister was ready to pay attention.

"What's a half-brother?" he wanted to know once. He was sitting on the floor next to my bed, squinting up at me through his new glasses while I lay across the bedspread reading a mystery magazine. I had one of those gooseneck lamps that I'd twisted in my direction, and from where Peter was sitting it was pointed right at his eyes.

"A half-brother?"

"Willie says Sam's his half-brother."

Willie and Sam lived next door. They were part of what used to be called a yours, mine, and ours family. There were nine children in all. Willie and Sam were both Peter's age, brothers born a week apart.

"That's a good question," I said, putting my magazine aside.

"It is?" he said, pleased with himself and not suspicious at all.

So I told him how some families, too poor to afford lots of sons and daughters but too proud to have a small family like ours, share children. That way they get some help with the kids' support but can still mount an impressive display for family occasions. That's how people can say most American families have one and a half children. And it doesn't stop at half-brothers and -sisters. Some families split their children three, four, even ten ways. It depends on how much time you spend at each home.

I can still recall Peter's trusting face looking up at me as I explained the secrets of extended families. For weeks he tried to catch Willie and Sam sneaking off to their other homes. And after he finally confronted them with his knowledge, he said he hated me and would never ever believe me again.

"Fool me twice shame on me."

That was what our father had told Peter. They all said no one was going to trust me for a very long time. That was what happened to liars.

My mother wanted to know what I was trying to prove.

"For the life of me, I can't understand why you couldn't just tell him the truth for once, instead of trying to make your brother look silly."

She was standing in my light, casting a huge shadow over the bed where I was lying. This time I'd been reading a movie magazine.

"Why? Do you enjoy making him upset?"

"No."

"Then why?"

"I didn't know he'd go chasing them around and spill the beans."

"But why?"

My mother's like that: she gets a question in her head and there's simply no escape.

"Because it was more interesting."

"Interesting? Why does everything have to be so interesting to you? And why couldn't you tell him about something that was interesting and true?"

I thought about that for a full minute while she stood and waited for

my answer. I was trying to come up with an example of something that fell into both categories. God, I thought--but no. God is great and God is good and true, I told myself, but--and here I was remembering the long and tedious sermons we had to sit through every Sunday--God is not very interesting. Science and math are true, too, but they'll put you in a coma if you aren't careful.

I'd never given it much thought before, but that evening in my bedroom, with my mother standing over me and Mickey Dolenz of the Monkees staring up from the cover of my magazine, I came to the conclusion that interesting was Tommy Sands running away from home and coming back with a thousand stories that all turned out to be lies. It wasn't the truth of a scared little boy huddled next to a dumpster all night behind a filling station. It was the things he made up about sneaking through the backyards in the rich part of town under a full moon. "I saw a swimming pool there," he told me, "so big there was a sailboat in the middle of it."

I closed my eyes and tried to imagine the sails shimmering in the moonlight. There would be waves in a pool of that size, and I could almost hear them as they lapped against the side. When I opened my eyes, I was still in the shadow cast by my mother. Of course, I didn't tell her all this. I avoided the larger question and got by on a technicality.

"He didn't ask me anything like that," I said. "He asked me about half-brothers."

"Well, he won't ask you anything at all for quite some time," she said.

But she was wrong. The next evening he was back in my room. He was going to be Benjamin Franklin in the school's Pageant of Patriots and had been trying to learn his lines when he came across something that didn't make sense.

"What is it?" I asked.

"He said 'Waste not, want not.' Does that mean anything?"

I thought about telling him that what Ben was trying to say was that if you didn't waste something you must not have wanted it in the first place. I could imagine the confused look on my brother's face as well as the long story I'd relate about the strange form of madness that overtook Ben toward the end of his life. I'd make up some other sayings that made even less sense and tell him to remember this when he was onstage trying to pretend he was a crazy man.

But I didn't. I told him the truth. And he looked at me suspiciously and walked away unconvinced.

Fool me twice shame on me.

As time went on, however, his mistrust faded, and he even started to make jokes about what had happened. When he went away to college, he used to sign his letters "your one-tenth brother" in reference to the few weeks of each year he spent at home. And after he graduated and moved away, he seemed to take perverse enjoyment in just how small he could make that fraction.

I was the one who was left behind. That was the way I thought of it, like a slow student who'd been held back from the next grade. I drifted through the local college, taking one interesting course after another and ending up with an impractical degree that had little to do with sitting behind the reference desk at our local library, the job I was lucky to get after I graduated. And it didn't make any sense leaving home then, since I wasn't making a lot of money and housing was so expensive. I was left behind. And I couldn't help but feel that my betrayals of my brother years earlier were somehow responsible for driving him away and keeping me here. Of course it was a ridiculous idea when faced head-on, but it had a habit of popping up now and then on the periphery, quite convincingly.

It was our last meal together. When my parents and I got into our cars and left for work the next morning, I was going to keep driving past the library and head west, toward Pittsburgh and the Mississippi River. Before they realized what was going on, their daughter would be in a different time zone. The farther I went, the earlier it would become.

No one knew what I was planning. If they had, my parents would've ruined this evening with their objections and my favorite foods. My life as a guest in their home would've already begun. They would've spoiled the

short time we had left together trying to make me see how unreasonable I was. I'm going and that's that, I'd say, reaching for another helping of butter beans.

People will tell you that ignorance is bliss, but there was nothing blissful about the way my father sliced through the meat loaf or passed plates to my mother and me. This was my last chance to notice what this life of mine had been like, and I tried to commit the entire meal to memory, from the way my father chopped his vegetables to my mother's habit of lightly tapping her fingers against a napkin as she chewed. I felt like a rescue worker sent into a burning building. This detail, that image, a snippet of conversation and its accompanying facial expression: when I left I was going to carry all these away with me.

"I'm afraid the gravy's a bit lumpy," my mother said.

It was better this way. There would come a day, probably only a few years down the road, when I'd be willing to exchange all I owned for the chance to revisit this evening, to sit once more between my parents and listen to them talk about gravy. The longing to undo the events of tomorrow was so strong it nearly brought tears to my eyes. And yet I was excited about leaving. It didn't have to make sense, I told myself. I'm going and that's that.

"I'm worried about Peter's new business partner," my father was saying. "What's his name?"

"Roscoe something-or-other," my mother said.

"An ex-lawyer who's spent the last ten years doing something shady in South America?" He shook his head and tried to spear part of a bean with his fork. "Just the ex-lawyer part would've been enough warning for me."

"I wonder if he's ever going to settle down," my mother said, referring to my brother. She put her hand out and touched me as she said this, including me among the ranks of those who've somehow managed to settle down. Is that what she thought I'd been doing for the last decade?

"I think he's just fine the way he is," I said quietly.

For someone who'd moved six times, had a dozen jobs, and gone bankrupt at least once since leaving home, Peter was a man of very regular habits. He called home every other Sunday night at precisely eight o'clock. I could imagine the wall calendar by the phone in his kitchen with the reminder written under the date. Even worse, I could imagine him sitting at his table on New Year's Day, writing CALL HOME under a year's worth of alternate Sundays.

There was a pattern to his calls as well. He'd talk to Mom and Dad for about fifteen minutes, covering any real news he had to share. By the time I got on the phone, he was usually tired of talking about himself. He wanted me to remember something we did together.

"Do you remember the time you talked me into giving Mr. Ryan a comb?" he asked once.

Mr. Ryan was the principal of our elementary school. When Peter was in second grade, I convinced him to give Mr. Ryan a comb with all its teeth removed for Christmas, along with a card that read: If the Shoe Fits, Wear It. And even though Peter didn't see the point of it all, he went and did it to make me happy. He wrapped the comb and left it with Mr. Ryan's secretary before class started in the morning.

"Do you remember the great big bow I taped to it?"

By the time he'd finished wrapping the small black comb, the package was as big as a football, gleaming under a mass of Scotch tape. The bow was Peter's idea. I remember hearing later how he'd been called out of class in the middle of the morning. I couldn't believe it when I was told how our nasty, totally bald principal had laughed and laughed at my prank. Another man might've gotten angry, he told Peter with a big smile, but he was a man who appreciated a good joke.

Of course, Peter hadn't understood how good fortune had snatched him from the brink of disaster. And it was only later, when he failed to live up to his reputation as a daredevil and class wit, that the story changed from one of glory to betrayal.

Or instead of reminiscing, he might encourage me to talk about myself: "So what have you been doing?"

"I have this idea," I'd begin.

"Tell me," he would say, in nearly the same voice he used years earlier when he'd sneak into my room late at night and listen to my stories.

"It's about a series of paintings. Very realistic, almost photographic paintings of small midwestern towns. Each town should be no larger than a few thousand people, like Bucklin, Kansas, or Ogden, Iowa. Paint a panoramic view of the town, but place in the center of it, as accurately as possible, a large and very recognizable New York skyscraper. The Chrysler Building, for example. Right in the middle of the town. Everything drawn to scale, of course. That's my idea."

Or: "I have an idea for a detective novel with a woman detective as cynical as those jaded private eyes from the '30s. With sentences like: She liked her affairs like her eggs, over easy. Do you know what I mean? Sure it's a gimmick, a simple twist, but I haven't been able to get her out of my head all week. She liked her men like her eggs, sunny-side up. That's not quite right, but can you see what I'm getting at? She liked her something like her eggs, hard-boiled. Now what would this woman like hard-boiled? I need your help on this one."

"Sounds like a series of egg jokes."

"No, no, That's just an example. I was thinking out loud. A woman Sam Spade, that's my idea."

Usually Peter listened for a while and either laughed or, if he thought I was taking myself too seriously, said something like: "But you don't know how to paint." Or: "What do you know about writing a novel?"

"It's only an idea," I'd say.

Eventually I'd run out of things to say, and we'd hang up. I'm sure that for my brother these calls were like traveling back in time, to the days before he grew up, left home, and had business partners. There was one thing we didn't discuss, but which was implicit in the enjoyment he took in our conversations: how little I'd changed, how he could listen to my voice and imagine I was fourteen years old, or twenty, or twenty-five. It didn't matter what part of his life he wanted to revisit; my voice and the stories I told would take him there. And I resented this a little, I suppose, in the same way that people who live in resort areas must resent those who come from the outside and walk around in bathing suits and ask, wouldn't it be wonderful to live like this all the time? As if the locals aren't living a real life after all, as if their cares and worries aren't as important as everyone else's.

I was asleep when the phone rang at ten-thirty. I'd planned to stay up late my last night at home, but once I got to my room after dinner, I realized there wasn't much left to do. My clothes were already sitting in a suitcase in the trunk of my car. I started reading through some old papers but fell asleep after a few minutes.

It was my brother. Mom called my name, and I sat up in the darkened room. What time was it in Los Angeles? Three hours earlier, I told myself, staring at the little hand on my clock pointing north by northwest.

"I'm sorry I woke you up," he said. "I just got home from work."

"That's OK." As my head cleared, I remembered the message I'd left at his office earlier in the day. "Thanks for calling back."

It was warmer than when I'd gone to sleep. The sheets were damp, and the room smelled faintly of sweat. I took a Kleenex from the dispenser and rubbed it up and down my arm. Everything seemed so closed up, like I'd shut myself in for years instead of one night.

"You wanted to talk to me?"

"I'm running away from home," I said.

"You are?" I could tell from his voice that he thought this was a joke. "When you get to be our age, is it still called running away from home?"

"Mom and Dad don't know yet. I'm leaving in the morning."

"OK," he said, and paused. "Is this something I'm supposed to talk you out of?"

"Of course not."

"Tell me about it."

The moon must've been up in the night sky somewhere because its light filtered through the curtains, forming a dim triangle on the rug next to my

bed. The moonlight lay across the stack of papers and notebooks I'd been looking through before falling asleep. Nearby, in the shadows, was the box I'd taken them from.

"Did you know I saved things?" I asked.

"Things?"

"School papers, notes and letters from friends, shopping lists, New Year's resolutions--everything. It's really pretty overwhelming."

In addition to the box near the bed, there were two in the closet just like it.

"You wouldn't believe some of this stuff. What could I have been thinking? I saved this note my girlfriend Denise passed me once in biology. Was I really worried that I'd forget Denise or the stupid green ink she always used?"

"What happened to her?"

"Oh," I said, and laughed. "She went on a camping trip to Maryland the summer after high school, sent me a 3-D postcard of the Last Supper--the one where Jesus' eyes open and close as you move it--with 'Jesus Saves' scrawled across the back in black magic marker, and ended up moving to Idaho with some guy she just met."

He didn't say anything for a second. "Does this have anything to do with you leaving home?"

"I don't think so." I held up my hand into the moonlight and watched its shadow move across the floor. "About six months ago I had this idea; I'm sure I told you about it--the personalized calendars?"

"I forget. You have a lot of ideas."

"This one was a winner. You mail me fifteen dollars and I send you your own calendar. On each day there's some notable achievement done by a person who was exactly as old as you are on that day. For example, tomorrow I'll be the same age Jack Kerouac was the day *On the Road* was first published."

"Is that supposed to explain--?"

"I'm getting to that," I said, and took a short breath. "A man worked at the library last year, Scott Sanderson, and when he heard about my calendar he said it was a great idea. With the right equipment and business strategy, he was sure we could make a fortune. Of course, he wanted to focus on sports figures and market it toward men, but why stop at one type of calendar?"

"I take it Scott no longer works at the library?"

"He moved back to Kirksville, Missouri, two months ago. His parents teach at a university there."

"That's where you're going?"

"Yes. He says he can get the computer equipment we'll need, and I already have a job interview lined up at the library."

I was talking too quickly. Now that I was telling someone else about our plan, I wasn't sure it made sense. Even my friends had no idea what was going on. The only person who knew I wasn't coming to work tomorrow was my boss, and she thought I'd be taking a leave of absence to visit Europe.

"You'd like him," I said when my brother turned silent all of a sudden. My words sounded pathetic, and I wouldn't have blamed him for laughing at me.

"I probably would," he said.

"He actually listens to what people say. He really does."

"Is that so unusual?"

"For a man?" I asked, and laughed, glad the immediate focus had shifted away from my plans with Scott.

"I was out with this man once--probably our second or third date, I forget. We're in this restaurant and he's holding both my hands and I swear there's candlelight all around us. He had a beautifully soft voice--I think that's the only reason I went out with him in the first place--and he wanted me to tell him what I was thinking about at that moment. He hadn't known me very long, but he said he was pretty sure he knew what was on my mind. And so I told him about my idea for a movie where a terrorist hijacks an airplane, unaware that all its passengers are villains from horror movies. You know, Jason and Freddy and so on."

There was a punch line to that story, but when my brother started

laughing I couldn't remember what it was.

"I need you to do me a favor," I said instead.

"You want me to tell the folks."

"I'll call them once I'm settled, but I don't want them worrying in the meantime."

"When should I phone?"

"Before dinner tomorrow. Their dinner, not yours. Call them at seven, could you?"

"Sure." There was a silence while I supposed he wrote himself a note.

"There's only one thing I want to know," he said. "I mean, I know I'm in no position to act as the voice of reason, but if this calendar project doesn't pan out--and there's always a chance people won't flock to buy something that seems calculated to make them feel crappy about their own lives--"

"It's not supposed to make anyone feel anything. I only thought people might find it--"

"Interesting, I know. And you might be right. I mean, if I had a talent for anticipating public reaction I wouldn't be sitting in a one-bedroom apartment. All I'm saying is that if the idea doesn't make you both rich, will you regret leaving?"

"Who knows I might regret it no matter what happens."

I'm pretty sure that wasn't the answer he wanted to hear.

"OK," he said, "Should I tell them when you'll be calling?"

"Just say that I'll do it as soon as I can. Does that sound all right?"

"Sure."

I took the phone away from my ear and coughed. It bothered me that the room seemed so musty. Some night soon, sitting on a sofa in my new apartment, I might want to close my eyes and pretend I'd been transported back here. And this smell would now forever be part of the room I imagined.

I had to ask my brother to repeat himself.

"Tell me about tomorrow," he said.

"Well," I said, and cleared my throat. "I'll leave the house at the usual time. Any earlier and they'd get suspicious." I was almost whispering. "I should be on the Pennsylvania Turnpike by lunch and in Ohio around dinnertime."

"That's pretty much the route I took when I left," he said.

"I know."

"Will you spend the night in Ohio?"

I closed my eyes, and the line was completely silent, free of any static the call might've picked up on its cross-country journey. I was imagining where I would spend the night. Earlier I'd unfolded a map and stared at any number of roads cutting across the interstates of Ohio. Many of them led directly into the white space between small towns like Pasco and Pandora.

"I'll pull off the interstate at some point," I said, "and go looking for a motel. Perhaps I'll get lost driving on roads too small to have made my atlas. By this time it will be close to eleven o'clock, and I'll have been on the road all day."

"Go on," he said.

But I didn't want to. I had this clear image in my head and was not about to share it with anyone. My car was parked in front of a huge estate where I'd stopped to ask directions. No one would be home. I'd peek through the front window at sheets covering all the furniture, as if the owners had been away for years and years. The path around back would seem treacherous in the moonlight, but I'd follow it to a patio and a pool so large I'd be afraid to look across it.

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DESCRIPTORS: Short stories

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Set	Items	Description
S1	1574377	AGE
S2	421892	AGES
S3	6677252	PEOPLE
S4	4907024	INDIVIDUAL? ? OR CELEBRIT? OR PERSON OR PERSONS OR PERSONA- GE? OR VIP OR VIPS OR CYNOSURE? OR DIGNATAR? OR IDOL OR IDOLS
S5	291134	HERO OR HEROS OR HEROES OR HEROINE? OR LUMINARY? OR LUMINA- RIES
S6	23523	DIGNITAR?
S7	1269955	STAR OR STARS
S8	377545	(WHO())S OR WHOS()WHO
S9	2376093	MEN OR WOMEN
S10	7670094	EVENT? ? OR ACCOMPLISH? OR ACHIEV?
S11	6353586	ATTAIN? OR SUCCESS?
S12	54820	(YOUR OR MY OR OUR OR SAME OR SPECIFIC OR MUTUAL OR COMMON OR EQUIVALENT OR IDENTICAL OR COMPARABLE OR CORRESPONDING)(2W-)S1:S2
S13	10234	(PARTICULAR OR SPECIFIED OR STIPULATED OR DESIGNATED OR CE- RTAIN)(2W)S1:S2
S14	387258	S3:S9(5N)S10:S11
S15	77	S14(5N)S12:S13
S16	16743	OLDAS OR OLD()AS
S17	80	S16(S)S14
S18	157	S15 OR S17
S19	79	S18/2000:2005
S20	78	S18 NOT S19
S21	55	RD (unique items)

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21/3,K/39 (Item 13 from file: 88)
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03856609 SUPPLIER NUMBER: 18160182
Half-life. (short story)

Ruane, Tom
The Southern Review, v32, n1, p118(10)
wntr, 1996

ISSN: 0038-4534

LANGUAGE: English

RECORD TYPE: Fulltext

WORD COUNT: 4270 LINE COUNT: 00288

... dollars and I send you your own calendar. On each day there's some notable achievement done by a person who was exactly as old as you are on that day. For example, tomorrow I'll be the same age Jack...
?

day 122

? t21/3,k/19,29

21/3,k/19 (Item 3 from file: 88)
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04907339 SUPPLIER NUMBER: 21142017
Young Americans' indifference to media coverage of public affairs.
Bennett, Stephen Earl
PS: Political Science & Politics, v31, n3, p535(7)
Sept, 1998
ISSN: 1049-0965 LANGUAGE: English RECORD TYPE: Fulltext; Abstract
WORD COUNT: 6234 LINE COUNT: 00552

... the rate of increased exposure to higher education has slowed, the 1996 NES shows that individuals under 30 report higher educational attainment than the same age group did in 1972, the first year 18-20 year-olds throughout the country were...

21/3,k/29 (Item 2 from file: 148)
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10405593 SUPPLIER NUMBER: 20828192 (USE FORMAT 7 OR 9 FOR FULL TEXT)
Psychological distress and use of ambulatory medical services in the Quebec Medicare system.
Preville, Michel; Potvin, Louise; Boyer, Richard
Health Services Research, v33, n2, p275(12)
June, 1998
ISSN: 0017-9124 LANGUAGE: English RECORD TYPE: Fulltext; Abstract
WORD COUNT: 3472 LINE COUNT: 00294

... indicators. The relative level of education indicator takes into account the highest level of education achieved by other individuals of the same age -sex cohort. The sufficiency of family income indicator represents the ratio of family income divided...
?

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Set	Items	Description
S1	1738509	AGE
S2	212097	AGES
S3	1108624	PEOPLE
S4	2027683	INDIVIDUAL? ? OR CELEBRIT? OR PERSON OR PERSONS OR PERSONA-GE? OR VIP OR VIPS OR CYNOSURE? OR DIGNATAR? OR IDOL OR IDOLS
S5	65691	HERO OR HEROS OR HEROES OR HEROINE? OR LUMINARY? OR LUMINARIES
S6	2278	DIGNITAR?
S7	630138	STAR OR STARS
S8	99955	(WHO())S OR WHOS()WHO
S9	1237647	MEN OR WOMEN
S10	3407172	EVENT? ? OR ACCOMPLISH? OR ACHIEV?
S11	2131396	ATTAIN? OR SUCCESS?
S12	24123	(YOUR OR MY OR OUR OR SAME OR SPECIFIC OR MUTUAL OR COMMON OR EQUIVALENT OR IDENTICAL OR COMPARABLE OR CORRESPONDING)(2W-S1:S2
S13	2565	(PARTICULAR OR SPECIFIED OR STIPULATED OR DESIGNATED OR CE-RTAIN)(2W)S1:S2
S14	66662	S3:S9(5N)S10:S11
S15	16	S14(5N)S12:S13
S16	3788	OLDAS OR OLD()AS

S17	22	S16 AND S14
S18	38	S15 OR S17
S19	15	S18/2000:2005
S20	23	S18 NOT S19
S21	20	RD (unique items)

21/7/10 (Item 1 from file: 35)
 DIALOG(R)File 35:Dissertation Abs Online
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01425835 ORDER NO: AADAA-I9526049
 METROPOLITAN LABOR MARKET CHARACTERISTICS AND INDIVIDUAL EARNINGS
 ATTAINMENT: WHITES, BLACKS, ASIANS, AND HISPANICS IN LARGE UNITED STATES
 METROPOLITAN AREAS

Author: KWON, SANGCHEOL
 Degree: PH.D.
 Year: 1995
 Corporate Source/Institution: THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY (0168)
 Adviser: LAWRENCE A. BROWN
 Source: VOLUME 56/04-A OF DISSERTATION ABSTRACTS INTERNATIONAL.
 PAGE 1480. 163 PAGES

This study examines individual earnings attainment for racial/ethnic groups from the perspective of geographic labor markets. In explaining different labor market outcomes, the human capital and status attainment perspective tends to focus on individual attributes, and the labor market segmentation perspective tends to focus on the characteristics of jobs and industries in respect to different reward structures. Integrating these two research traditions, this study argues that individual earnings attainments as a labor market outcome result both from individual attributes, labor market characteristics differentiated across geographic places, and their interactions.

To evaluate this, two empirical tasks are pursued; first, geographic dimensions of labor market segmentation are established following the labor market segmentation literature, and second, their effects on individual earnings attainments are examined. Selected for examination are sixty-five large metropolitan areas and civilian employed male workers for whites, blacks, asians, and hispanics. Using 1990 PUMS data, four dimensions of metropolitan labor market differentiation are derived from factor analyzing the proportions of all employed workers across the cross-classified seven industrial sectors and five occupational segments. Individual earnings are then related to age, education, marital status, immigration, and four dimensions of metropolitan labor market differentiation and population size.

Individual earnings attainments are affected by individual attributes, but the relationships are altered significantly by metropolitan labor market characteristics. Finance-Core Utility and Oligopoly sectors are the two dimensions which most affect earnings attainments and enhance earnings returns to individual attributes, in particular education and age. Also found are racial/ethnic group-specific niches; Finance-Core Utility metropolitan areas are the exclusive higher earnings niche for whites and Oligopoly metropolitan areas provide higher earnings for all groups. As evidenced in the revelation of the importance of metropolitan labor market characteristics on individual earnings attainment, individual's access to favorable jobs across and within particular metropolitan areas is the underlying mechanism for individual and racial/ethnic group earnings differentials. This study concludes that geographic places are an integral part of labor market segmentation and important contexts for individual earnings attainments.

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01309621 ORDER NO: AAD93-26472

CONTRACEPTIVE PRACTICES IN ZIMBABWE: THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATIONAL ATTAINMENT AND PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS

Author: GIBNEY, LAURA MARGARET

Degree: PH.D.

Year: 1993

Corporate Source/Institution: STANFORD UNIVERSITY (0212)

Adviser: JERALD HERTING

Source: VOLUME 54/05-A OF DISSERTATION ABSTRACTS INTERNATIONAL.
PAGE 1753. 231 PAGES

This study examines the relationship between Zimbabweans' level of educational attainment and their contraceptive practices. Three central questions are addressed. Firstly, does a relationship exist between Zimbabweans' years of schooling and their use of contraception? Secondly, is that relationship influenced by an individual's rural or urban residence, or by their being in a particular age cohort? Thirdly, does educational attainment influence individuals' relationships with their partner (spouse or steady boyfriend/girlfriend) and their children in ways which are likely to affect contraceptive use? Employing both qualitative and statistical methods of analysis these questions are examined using data collected during nine months of fieldwork in Zimbabwe and from the 1988 Demographic and Health Survey.

The study's major conclusions are that Zimbabwean women's educational attainment is a positive and significant influence on their use of contraception, and this is true of both rural and urban women, and in all three age cohorts (15-24 years old, 25-34, 35-49). Males' educational attainment, however, is only a significant positive influence in interaction with wives' education.

The study also found that educational attainment was associated with those aspects of the parent-child relationship and of the couple relationship which an extensive body of social science literature indicates are conducive to contraceptive use. Firstly, individuals (males and females) with higher levels of schooling were much less inclined to expect to either receive financial support from their children or to co-habit with them, in their old age. Secondly, individuals with higher levels of schooling were more likely to believe that decisions about family size and contraceptive use should be made jointly by the two partners, and less inclined to believe that men alone should make these decisions. With respect to couples' actual behavior, positive significant associations were demonstrated between (i) educational attainment and individuals' discussion with their partner of both desired family size and of the use of family planning methods, and (ii) between this discussion and their actual use of contraception. Finally, the dissertation explored new ground, in that it discussed how sexual relations might be an intervening factor in the relationship between Zimbabweans' educational attainment and contraceptive use.

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Set	Items	Description
S1	155411	AGE
S2	21904	AGES
S3	87889	PEOPLE
S4	1378033	INDIVIDUAL? ? OR CELEBRIT? OR PERSON OR PERSONS OR PERSONA- GE? OR VIP OR VIPS OR CYNOSURE? OR DIGNATAR? OR IDOL OR IDOLS
S5	2561	HERO OR HEROS OR HEROES OR HEROINE? OR LUMINARY? OR LUMINA- RIES
S6	22	DIGNITAR?
S7	81210	STAR OR STARS
S8	1279	(WHO()S OR WHOS)()WHO
S9	134036	MEN OR WOMEN
S10	1942046	EVENT? ? OR ACCOMPLISH? OR ACHIEV?
S11	930569	ATTAIN? OR SUCCESS?
S12	2773	(YOUR OR MY OR OUR OR SAME OR SPECIFIC OR MUTUAL OR COMMON OR EQUIVALENT OR IDENTICAL OR COMPARABLE OR CORRESPONDING) (2W-)S1:S2
S13	1860	(PARTICULAR OR SPECIFIED OR STIPULATED OR DESIGNATED OR CE- RTAIN) (2W) S1:S2
S14	47802	S3:S9(5N)S10:S11
S15	4	S14(5N)S12:S13
S16	1181	OLDAS OR OLD()AS
S17	0	S16(20N)S14

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Set	Items	Description
S1	33806	AGE
S2	1965	AGES
S3	30549	PEOPLE
S4	498466	INDIVIDUAL? ? OR CELEBRIT? OR PERSON OR PERSONS OR PERSONA- GE? OR VIP OR VIPS OR CYNOSURE? OR DIGNATAR? OR IDOL OR IDOLS
S5	541	HERO OR HEROS OR HEROES OR HEROINE? OR LUMINARY? OR LUMINA- RIES
S6	0	DIGNITAR?
S7	19502	STAR OR STARS
S8	51	(WHO()S OR WHOS)()WHO
S9	10220	MEN OR WOMEN
S10	560663	EVENT? ? OR ACCOMPLISH? OR ACHIEV?
S11	568075	ATTAIN? OR SUCCESS?
S12	306	(YOUR OR MY OR OUR OR SAME OR SPECIFIC OR MUTUAL OR COMMON OR EQUIVALENT OR IDENTICAL OR COMPARABLE OR CORRESPONDING) (2W-)S1:S2
S13	112	(PARTICULAR OR SPECIFIED OR STIPULATED OR DESIGNATED OR CE- RTAIN) (2W)S1:S2
S14	4830	S3:S9(5N)S10:S11
S15	0	S14(5N)S12:S13
S16	20	OLDAS OR OLD()AS
S17	0	S16 AND S14
?		